

Punishment by femmesteve

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: BDSM, Dom/sub, F/M, M/M, Punishment, Spanking, Sub Steve, dom jonathan, domme nancy

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Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Sometimes Steve was a bad boy.

Punishment

Author's Note:

I actually love Jon/Nancy/Steve so much?
Come say hi to me on Tumblr!: @FemmeSteve

Steve was often good, and he loved to be reminded of it. He loved when Nancy smoothed his hair down and called him a “good boy.” He was. He was a good boy, he’d think, drawing closer to the domme and pressing his face to her middle.

However, on the rare occasion that Steve decided to be a brat.. He had to be punished, of course. Nancy was as good at punishments as she was at rewards. She knew that Steve needed a cruel hand sometimes. Or two.

Steve lay with his hands behind his back, huffing into the mattress as Jonathan bound them with his thick leather belt. Nancy watched with a disappointed look on her face, her arms crossed over her petite chest. She looked pretty as a picture, and Steve shivered as he thought about what he knew the small girl was capable of.

“Okay,” Jonathan said, testing the hold of his belt by tugging on it. He caressed Steve’s exposed thigh for a moment, mourning the loss of the mostly unblemished skin. Nancy was about to wreck Steve thoroughly, and he was gonna help.

“Jon,” Steve whined, grasping for sympathy he knew wasn’t going to come.

“Just take it like a good boy, okay?” Jonathan muttered quietly.

Steve kicked his feet and huffed again, pressing his face into the mattress. He heard Nancy’s soft footsteps and knew better than to tense up. She would only make it hurt worse. He felt her small hand on his bare ass and furrowed his eyebrows, anticipating the first blow.

It came with a loud crack, the stinging pain spreading quickly across

his cheek. He cried out upon impact, jerking.

“Stop, or Jonathan will hold you down,” Nancy said, squeezing Steve’s reddening flesh.

“Nooo,” Steve whined out with a sniff.

Nancy didn’t warn him about the second blow either, her hand coming down with a hard smack. Steve winced but didn’t move as much. He felt his cock harden despite himself, stiffening as it rubbed against the mattress. His erection grew with every blow to his ass, and before he was able to stop himself he was rocking steadily into the mattress, whimpering pathetically as he looked for friction.

Jonathan was able to move Steve onto his back easily. Steve panted as he looked up into the other boy’s face, his bound hands digging into his lower back painfully. Nancy had stripped herself of her shirt, slightly sweaty as she let Jon take over.

Jonathan squeezed the head of Steve’s cock in his hand in reprimand, watching as Steve’s face twisted in pain. He was so hard.

“Steve, you’re So bad,” Jonathan said with a sigh, “You’re not supposed to like your punishment.”

“Touch me,” Steve said softly, arching his hips into Jonathan’s touch.

“No,” Jon said firmly, releasing Steve’s cock. He ignored Steve’s groan of protest.

“I’ll think about fucking you later,” Nancy told him as she was standing up from the bed with her blouse in her hand.

Steve closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the door shutting as his doms left. He rolled back over with a grunt to relieve the pressure on his buzzing hands. Tears of frustration pricked at his eyes, but he knew that his erection would subside soon...If he stopped thinking about what Nancy had said.